Art Association Exhibition,

1865.

CATALOGUE

OF

OIL AND WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS,

ENGRAVINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS,

AND OTHER

WORKS OF ART,

LENT FOR THE OCCASION, AND

EXHIBITED AT THE MECHANICS' HALL,

MONTREAL,

FEBRUARY 27, 1865.

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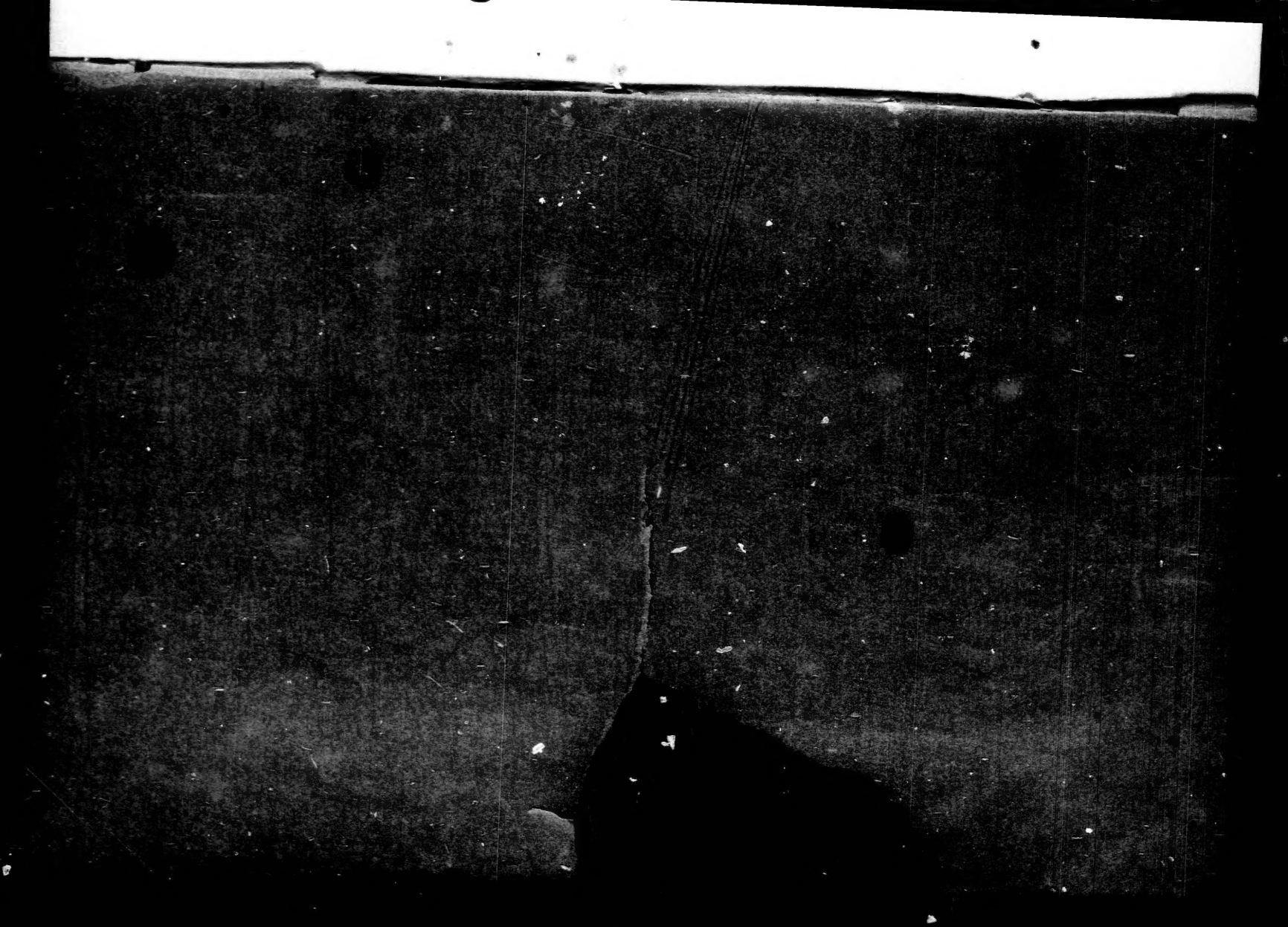

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OIL PAINTING.

I. In one notable way English art differs from that of all other European schools. They have their root more or less in mediaeval times; ours, in modern. They are influenced in style or subject by native earlier masters; we, by foreigners only. Our eighteenth century painters had to create the belief that England was able to produce Art: Italy, France, Germany and the Netherlands could point to former triumphs with pride, or study them with emulation. The key to the first period of the English school is given by this peculiar position of circumstances.

II. It is not intended, in this and the following summaries, to give a catalogue of names, or attempt to characterize every painter represented in the Exhibition; but to sketch the spirit of each School in its main phases, with the causes that guided its development. This will be done best by following the course of the greater artists; for these, like the greatest men or greatest books of any period, not only embrace the aims of inferior minds, presenting them in a fairer and clearer form, but add to what they could do, all that lies within the prerogative of genius. Four such men—a large number for one century—occur in the eighteenth:—Hogarth (1697—1764); Wilson (1713—1782); Reynolds (1723—1792); Gainsborough (1727—1788). Thus the life of Gainsborough, the latest born, covers thirty-seven years of the life of Hogarth, the earliest. How then did previous Art affect these great contemporaries? By what elements of their own did they found an English school in a country which had hitherto known little but the naturalized art of Holbein and Zuccaro,—of Rubens, Vandyke, Lely, or Kneller? How far did they carry native painting? A reply to these enquiries will at once contain the essential story of the British art of the last century, and prepare us, in some degree, to understand that of the present.

III. In his life not less than in his works, Hogarth presents a sturdy protest against all previous styles. No man more distinctively and decidedly original and creative—not even Phidias of Athens, or Giotto of Florence,—ever handled art: no one, for good or for evil, was ever less affected by pre-existing influences, or by contemporary criticism. The modern art of Europe began as completely with him as its modern poetry with Dante; and as Dante's fellow-countrymen were at first unable to believe that a great poem could be written in their mother tongue, so Hogarth's were incredulous that England could produce a painter. He first, with a serious and widely-extended scheme, put into painting what Fielding put into novel-writing; he brought the canvass down from mythology and pageantry, and made it tell the real story of common life,—its pathos, its meanness, fashions, humours, tears, laughter, triumphs, and depths of degradation. Clowns, fops, lords, rebels, politicians, gamblers, labourers, soldiers, brides, mistresses, spendthrifts, poets, musicians, madmen—nay, the very wigs and queues and walking-sticks of the age,—all move and live on the stage of his marvellous theatre. In a sense true of no other artist, Hogarth held up his mirror to nature, and gave back the form and pressure of the time with a strength only equalled by his subtlety. Shakespeare (always exceptional) excepted, no artist, not even Crabbe, has drawn so many characters for us, has given us so much healthy laughter—so much of 'the sorrowing by which the heart is made better.' Yet, in this prodigality of power, one thing is wanting—not perhaps to his mind, but to his pictures,—the charm of beauty is not conspicuous here. Occasional touches of grace or repose occur, the severity is not without sweetness; yet the higher sphere of lovliness is hardly reached; there is no clear sense of the poetry of nature. Through his stern, honest-hearted rejection of Italian art, abused and ill-estimated as he saw it by the men of taste about him, he missed this gift in marked intensity.

IV. Not so with Hogarth's immediate successors. The sense of beauty, the love of innocence,—no artists have enjoyed these more deeply than Reynolds and Gainsborough; nor in management of color, in light and shade, in gracefulness of line, and delineation of character, have they been often equalled. Their art, in technical

points, was based on that of their great foreign predecessors. In them ended, in fact, that noble style of portraiture which began with Giorgione and Titian in Italy, and was continued by Velasquez in Spain, in Flanders by Vandyke and Rubens. It is to these later men, however, that their likeness is most visible. Rubens and Vandyke began the modern manner in portraiture, introducing greater variety in color, dress, and furniture, and, as sacred art was declining, giving their portraits a more ornamental and independent character. Gainsborough and Reynolds fell short of these artists in thoroughness of work. Their drawing is generally careless, rarely complete, never masterly. Dresses, landscape, and other accessories, are hinted at rather than worked out. Their color even, though always true in intention, is often hardly more than a suggestive tint; and the canvasses, already blanched by fading, or browned into obscurity, testify too often to the loss of those simple early methods which make Van Eyck's pictures look more recent than Sir Joshua's. Our artists in these points failed to equal their masters; in others, they learned some traditionary lessons from which the self-trained Hogarth was happily free. It is to bad former examples that Reynolds owed his occasional false classical style: from shallow former principles that he learned to be content with careless unfinish and slovenly landscape;—that Wilson satisfied himself with conventional trees, and put imaginary shepherds or personages of ancient mythology in scenes which, but for Berghem or Claude, would have been peopled with the real human creatures he could draw so well when unhampered by precedent, and painting for himself only.

V. Yet, after full confession of what in them was deficient, or of a temporary character, Reynolds and Gainsborough stand amongst the very few great portrait painters of Europe. No one has, indeed, in any age, exceeded the airy grace and ingenious delicacy which Gainsborough threw into his work: no one has surpassed Reynolds in the charm of naturalness, in 'his profound feeling' (to quote the admirable remark of Wilkie), 'for the indescribable thoughts of the inward man,' in his high and holy simplicity. And yet their art, in its own day, met with an incredulity, from patrons and public, which itself is almost incredible to us. Men were lately living who might remember how, in the noble eulogy of his rival which Reynolds pronounced, he thought it needful to preface his praise with what is almost an apology for Gainsborough and himself, as not "graduates in the great style," although their portraits were, in truth, far more really "historical pictures" than most works which then professed to deserve the title, and still crowd, with forgotten names, the galleries of the period.

It would be idle to weigh these great artists against each other in a partisan spirit; yet, whilst many high qualities are common to both, it may be noted that Gainsborough shows, on the whole, more ease in invention; Reynolds, more felicity in form: that he has more splendour in colour; Gainsborough more purity. There is something of the morning in Gainsborough's tints; of the sunset in Sir Joshua's. The first is the truer colourist; he has a lightness of touch, corresponding to an airiness of figure, an occasional even nearer nearness to nature in his girls and children. Yet the latter is decidedly the greater artist. His figures,—the little 'Miss Boothby,' the 'Mrs. Siddons,' the 'Duchess of Devonshire and Child,' the 'Age of Innocence,' stamp themselves more vividly on our memories; less picturesquely graceful than Gainsborough's, they are more deeply and essentially. And with this deeper grace, Reynolds commands something of what he so admired in Michael Angelo. Where the subject shows, he rises to a deeply-felt grandeur. But what strikes us most, is his ineffable and winning tenderness. It is in this last direction that English art was carried furthest by him and by Gainsborough. Strange as it may seem now, childhood and maidenhood before them had been rarely painted in their essential nature; nor is it likely that, in this point, any will surpass them.

'No man,' said Reynolds, with a truth which cannot be too much dwelt on, 'ever put more into a head than he had in his own.' But he who thus expressed the essential law and limit of portraiture was reckoned among the best in an age fertile in strong thinkers. A lofty equanimity, a scorn of the world's trifles and gossip, a sweet humility towards all nature, generosity and gentleness towards fellow-workmen,—such, and others like them, were the characteristics of this great painter. Patient industry,—that quality so inseparable from real genius, that no wonder he thought them identical,—was his guiding principle through a long life of constant education and advance in his art. Yet it may be doubted whether any one of the pictures which to us seem masterpieces, satisfied the painter, or adequately rendered that idea which, in his own poetical words, 'subsists only in the mind:—the sight

never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting.'

VI. Hogarth was the most original of these men; Wilson the least. Yet his pictures prove that if born in a more intelligent age, he would have freed himself from the mannerism of his predecessors. His landscape wants the grand conception of Gainsborough, his English sky, and air, and freshness; it wants, also, the picturesqueness, the accuracy of detail, to which we are accustomed. But nature, in the word most often applied to her by the oldest poets, is pre-eminently *varied*,—she has largeness, not less than minuteness; beside the glory of the sunset, or the tenderness of the meadow grass, the agitation of storm, and the repose of far horizons. These great elementary features of the landscape were Wilson's portion. The tempest, the calm, the quiet irradiance of mid-day or twilight, vexed seas, or gorgeous ruins, mass, and breadth, and stateliness,—in such scenes his truly poetical spirit found what he could render with force and unhesitating readiness. In the representation of these he had no forerunner in English art, nor has he found many followers.—The landscapes of Moreland (1763—1801), though as far from the poetical grace as from the grand conception of Wilson's or Gainsborough's, present a closer resemblance to common English scenes, and are sometimes touched with a happy facility.

VII. The chief direction in which the Italian and Flemish schools influenced the English was by raising a false idea of the historical style. Subjects from the past, to be clothed in unreal dresses, and painted on a large scale, were required for what was called the 'dignity of art;' portraiture and landscape were thought beneath it. A few attempts, in which fine colour and the painter's own grandeur and tenderness of style half concealed unvanquished impossibilities, were made by Reynolds; others by West, Barry, Northcote, Harlow, Fuseli, and Opie. Where the themes chosen fulfilled true historical conditions,—belonged to modern times, and could be painted as they really might have been, as with West's 'Death of Wolfe,'—some genuine success was obtained: and Copley's 'Major Pierson' is magnificent. But in these works generally we must regret high qualities thrown away on a false system: thought wasted by Barry, force by Opie, grace by West, fancy by Fuseli. As in all living arts, there is a severe unity in painting: where the main aim is not truthful, subsidiary merits are rarely reached; and in the qualities of drawing, colour, and expression, these artists are seldom felicitous. Nor, although their aim was simpler, can much higher praise be claimed for the minor portrait painters,—Opie, Romney, Owen, Raeburn, Hoppner, and Jackson. With these a more recently popular name may be properly joined, Lawrence, through the influence of whose style a careless manner of portrait-painting, not requiring more detailed notice, though relieved by occasional likenesses of greater life and charm, has unhappily descended (as from Chantrey in sculpture) to our own days. It would be unfair to regard the artists named as mere followers of greater men. There is much natural sweetness in Romney and in Lawrence, whose delicate feeling, and facility of rendering the picturesque elements of the face, for a while concealed his mannerism and want of power. Others have more or less force and vigour. There is a largeness and freedom of style about the half-fancy, half-historical groups on which they sometimes ventured; yet it can hardly be said that they carried the art further, or rank amongst the great of all time.

VIII. More decided steps onward were made by Bird and Wilkie. The former (1772—1819), a painter little known, and not of conspicuous power, deserves notice as one of the very first who successfully worked in that style, which was destined, with landscape, to be the leading feature in modern art. Bird's subjects mark this aim;—'The Saturday Night,' 'The Will,' 'The Country Auction,' 'The Raffle:'—incidents of common life, and each suggestive of some little tale, half humourous or half sentimental. It is by the introduction of the last elements, that this manner, with which from Wilkie onwards we are familiar, is distinguished from earlier attempts. Processions and ceremonies had been painted long before in Venice, courtly life in France, rustic in Holland; but the touch of the Tale is all but wanting in these works, although here and there painters (notably Jan Steen) seem on the very verge of that new field, into which, through some law, imperative as those to which we arbitrarily confine the name natural, they were unable to penetrate.

IX. This style, and landscape,—regarded no longer as the scene of some recorded human story, but as the representation either of nature embodying man's fortunes in her own features, or of nature in her solitary splendour,—mark the art of this cen-

tury not less distinctly than religious subjects mark that of the fourteenth. Hardly known to our great-grandfathers, what could have rendered them so prominent now? In such inquiries the risk is great of considering as cause, what is only itself an effect of some larger, and, perhaps, undecipherable reason. Yet it is indisputable that the growth of the Incident style in painting runs parallel with the great outburst of novel writing from about 1790 onwards, with the social change which gave the patronage of art rather to the mercantile than to the educated classes, with that fusion of ranks and interests which (in another sphere) found expression in Burns, Scott, Crabbe, and Wordsworth. It would be rash and invidious to attempt to name precisely the artists of this age who might be placed in the first rank with the four of the last. But of those whose claims to excellence none will deny, Wilkie and Mulready represent the style most satisfactorily, and will be here treated as typical of many others. Every lesser master, if a true man, has undoubtedly, like the greater, his own gifts and methods; yet the aim of many known men is circumscribed on the whole by the limits above defined; and space fails here to trace their individual characteristics, although two clearly marked divisions of this school must be noticed. Historical incidents, viewed mainly in their picturesque character, or in the light of sentiment, have been chosen by one; scriptural, by the other division. The grace and delicacy of Eastlake, to whom the latter direction of English art is mainly due, have not yet been equalled by his followers.

X. In Hogarth's pictures a direct moral is generally dominant; they are De Foe on canvass. In Wilkie's (1785—1840) the moral is subdued beneath the wish to paint the scene in all its humours, comic or serious. He is thus more truly and essentially an artist; but the circle of Wilkie's creations is smaller, lying mainly within the field of Scottish peasant life. Here, however, like Burns, he reigns and triumphs; and, like the poet, in proportion as he recedes from it, is less and less successful. We think of him always as the painter of 'The Rent Day,' 'The Fiddler,' and the 'Blindman's Buff;' yet his later works have a charm and a variety, which show that but for the early failure of hand and eye, he might not, in such scenes, have fallen below his earlier excellence. In exchange for the minute finish of his first painting, these are executed in a broader style, more sweet, if less expressive; they make us feel the loss, of all losses the most irrecoverable, which a nation sustains in the premature death of genius. Not so with Mulready, who has been spared to our advantage through a long life of unusual gifts, united to unusual industry. His power of invention is probably less spontaneous than Wilkie's, his presentment of the scene less dramatic, his subjects drawn oftener from books; but with felicity of line, what a deep and Grecian grace are they exhibited! No English work for the first fifty years of this century, equals Mulready's masterly drawing, no landscape-glimpses excel his in finish and beauty; no one has brought so pure and poetical a thoughtfulness to the aspects of common life; others have given grander, none more brilliant or sweeter colouring.

XI. To draw thoroughly and colour truly, are the first fundamental necessities of painting as art; nor will graceful feeling, or depth in thought, or sense of life and humour—no pictorial *intention*, in a word, however excellent—atone for want of these primary requisites. Two men may be named, amongst many, who have hence fallen short of the place for which they appeared marked out by nature—Stothard and Leslie; they must be looked at, almost less as painters than as designers. But viewed thus, we owe to Leslie many scenes of a thoughtful, delicate, and gracious humour in which the very genius of Addison seems to reproduce itself; to Stothard, many which in tenderness, purity, and a certain mysterious and ineffable grace, rank second only to the designs of Raphael. And as Stothard reminds us of Florence and Rome, so the glorious days of Venice are recalled by the last great figure-painter (not professedly historical) of that half-century,—Etty (1787—1849). He alone amongst his contemporaries successfully devoted himself to represent the pure human form, which he painted with a brilliant transparency of colour rarely seen beyond the limits of Venetian art. It is true that he tried portrait, landscape, subjects sacred and historical, and often with happy, almost always with striking, results; but his love for human form restricted him in the main to what may be called subjects of fancy. This was unfortunate; for scenes from mythology—whether the genuine mythology of Greece, or that later artificial mythology, which for three centuries has infested Europe—cannot have for us the least genuine, head and heart-felt interest. But if a less unreal theme engaged him—when he was with Cleopatra in her glory on the Cydnus, or Youth at the prow, or 'where eternal summer dwells' in the gardens of Hesperides—Etty produced

works which are for all time, and rank amongst our best national treasure.

XII. Millais's work, like Etty's, stands apart from the style of domestic incident, though not so much by virtue of choice in subject as by greater elevation of tone and corresponding splendour of execution. His art, in fact, like Wilkie's, ranges over life in all its variety, from knight to churl, selecting always, though not always with equal success, themes which appeal strongly to passion or to imagination. Millais, with Holman Hunt, may be said to have taken up the inheritance of colour from Etty, although with the gift they have not followed the execution, often vague and slovenly, of that celebrated colourist. Nature has a thousand aspects, and in all is alike inimitable; but that Vision which we call Art, from time to time turns to mirror some one of her attributes which had before been less represented. Thus, more persistently than any former artists, Millais and Hunt, with others, have aimed at fidelity and minuteness, trusting less to remembrance than to fact; and there is hence a subtlety of handling and of expression in their works of which the eighteenth century, and the artists trained in that style, supply few examples. Here also we find the general accordance between art and the prevalent taste of the age displayed in an accurate pictorial rendering of past ages or foreign habits to which modern historians and travellers have accustomed us. Many of Hunt's pictures are proofs of this tendency, yet they are not realized through minute detail; the details, with the main idea, are rather vivified by his own intense inner faculty of realization. A serious, an almost tragic, interest pervades his work; it strikes us with a strange earnestness. Nor has any other English artist rivalled him in the force with which he has thrown these qualities into religious art.

XIII. An age in which pictures are mainly desired for the adorning of private houses, and the subjects popular are domestic incident or landscape, will be ungenial towards the historical style, even when rightly understood and treated with vitality. We have here but a scanty list:—Haydon, whose abortive ability fell short of his early promise; Martin, in whose art perspective powerfully treated is, however, the only real element of art present; and more recently (to pass over minor, or hitherto hardly proved, aspirants), Cross and Maclise. The latter, though not very successful in harmony and grace, or in management of light and shade, has given us many fine inventions, in his latest designs reaching an elevation and a power which are not often conferred by the years of advanced maturity. Cross (1819—1861), little known during his brief career, has received a tardy and too late recognition. A few works which the struggle for subsistance left him leisure to execute, though, like those of Maclise, deficient in the graces of colour, are amongst our highest historical pictures in dramatic truth, grandeur of arrangement, and beauty of line; nor in the weak point of English art, life-size delineation of human form, has any English artist shown greater mastery.

XIV. Except by a more minute accuracy and greater aim at realization of the scene in all points, the historical art of this century does not essentially differ from that of the eighteenth: but landscape painting, as already noticed, is the second distinctive style of our own age. As with the art of domestic incident, this mode of art is also in strict sympathy with corresponding phases in literature and taste. As the former was contemporary with the modern novel, so the latter has appeared simultaneously with the love of travelling and the love of natural description. These passions (we may justly so call them) are due, no doubt, in part to simple increased opportunity; to recent wealth and peace, and multipled facilities for journeying. Perhaps the more familiar conversance with nature in her loveliness or her terror, the simple sight of Western Scotland, or Naples, or Monte Rosa, has inspired the wish to transfer to our walls what, in verse or in actual vision, has so charmed our senses: perhaps the poetry of physical science has enlightened and enlarged our sympathies: perhaps the very contrast with the civilization which enables men to travel readily, deepens their appreciation of the scenes in which civilization has no part, and even the powers of man seem but a little thing before the majesty of nature. However this may be, the love of landscape has been a glorious gain to modern English art, and gives it its most essentially original character. We no longer see trees and mountains through the imperfect eyes of Claude or Poussin; we do not measure the sunbeams by the standard of Cuyp, or the twilight after the proportions of Rembrandt. Yet this great advance was not made at once. A few artists, of whom Crome and Bonington were perhaps the most gifted, worked in a mixed style, blending the teachings of nature with the traditions of the schools. Others felt the inadequacy of earlier attempts, but have been able to free themselves entirely from a different influence. Something of the

art of the stage is united with the genuine art of Stanfield; more with that of Danby and Roberts. Yet the careful pictures of ancient temple and castle, of cathedral and palace, which we owe to the last, are almost without precedent—certainly without rival—in all former centuries. The scenery of Danby, whether that of 'perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn,' or of the hardly less marvellous equatorial ocean, is a creation beyond the fancy of any earlier painters, as the splendid drawing of Stanfield in rock and sea and lake scenery, was beyond their achievement. Foreign subjects are familiar to these men; others have more exclusively painted our own England. Constable, first in time though not in rank, deficient in drawing, unequal in execution, ungifted with grasp or variety of conception, has, however, rendered a few aspects of English landscape with force, and freshness, and noble simplicity. Creswick has a grace and a poetry to which a monotonous manner hardly allows full play. These artists have taken the level and the copse, the gray of dawn or of shadowy skies for their special portion. Linnell has given us the glory of sunset over vast plains, or the clouds which gather and glow above forest abysses; Hook the azure and emerald of the Atlantic, or the cliffs and meadows of south-western England—not only painting such scenes as they glitter to the traveller's eye beneath full daylight, but penetrating into the life of their inhabitants with something of poetical, not less than pictorial insight. Others, as Lewis, have brought foreign lands,—Greece, Egypt, and Syria, before us:—their work, moved by the new impulse for more detailed and accurate delineation, which corresponds with the mechanical invention of photography, belongs to a school of yet undetermined issues; with many more, who cannot be here enumerated. True, that but one artist, if any, has hitherto held up the mirror of art to nature in her whole variety; that in lightness of touch and transparency of tone few of these painters are conspicuous; that the breadth and grandeur of some earlier men have been exchanged for the successful pursuit of other qualities of the landscape: that none, perhaps, belong to the little army of high Imaginative masters: yet true also, that to them, Englishmen of this century are indebted for delights and for lessons, second only to those brought to our firesides by their contemporaries in another art, from Scott to Tennyson.

XV. Life in the works here alluded to, is rarely prominent, or touched on in any of its deeper forms. Something of the poetry of the shipwreck has been handled by Stanfield; something of the poetry of labour appears in the Idylls of Hook: the meaning and moral of the scene are not altogether absent from many of our landscape painters. Yet it is not this sphere of art which is suggested by their landscape. Two names, however, remain: one,—with exception of J. Ward,—our only great master of the animal world; the other, of nature as reflecting the passions and the fate of man, the interpreter of the soul of the universe. To Landseer and to Turner, as to Shakespeare or to Wordsworth, we owe, indeed, so much, that it is, perhaps, rash to try to judge them: of those artists who have fulfilled their course during this century, they have done most for England. Others, certainly, have shadowed out more deeply than Landseer the mysterious animal nature, and have brought to their pictures a finer sense of colour, a higher instinct for grace or for grandeur; but no painter has embraced a range nearly so extensive in animal representation, or, again, has gone into the active life of a few wild creatures with such profound and poetical sympathy. The fury of the lion had been painted by Rubens, the repose of the cattle by Cuyp; but Landseer it may be said, has grasped the story of the dog and the deer in its wholeness. His pictures differ from most others as the animals of Scott—the bloodhound of the Lay, or the Gustavus of the Legend—differ from the animals of the zoological treatise. We have, not a painted list of their likings and characteristics, but the romance of their lives; and this (in accordance with the analog already so often noticed) surrounded by that bright background of landscape, or picturesque variety of accessories, by aid of which the great novelist also has painted more vividly for us the living characters of his immortal drama.

XVI. Like that of every great artist, whether in words or colours, the work of Turner is stamped with the gradations of his own growth in mind and in experience. From the time when his style was formed, his oil-painting differs essentially from all other men's in this,—that it is thought of as water-colour painting, and, even almost beyond what the material admits of, conforms to the treatment of water-colours. The reason for this treatment is seen in the result. No landscape but his adequately rendered what is the first and the last feature in all real landscapes,—the sense of air, space, and light. Others' work looks like a copy on canvas; Turner's, like a vision. So far as this marvellous and only true effect depends on

technical method, he gained it by repeating in oils the translucent style of water colours. This Turner learned early from the great water-colourists, Cozens and Girtin, who influenced his youth. Yet the lesson was not fully felt till his manhood. His first style in oils (alloyed by the imperfect art of former landscapists, though careful and imaginative far beyond their grasp) is not free from the heaviness and artificial arrangement which he heard praised in Poussin and Vandevelde. Like Gainsborough and Reynolds, this Englishman also had to wage war with the blindness of those who could see in nature only what the Fleming or the Frenchman had seen before them. But Turner "was silent, and let the crowd speak," working on, meanwhile, with an industry rare amongst even the highest men, to the glory and the grace of his maturer years. During these, he attempted almost every phase of nature in her beauty and her desolation. To describe his subjects would be more than to re-write the landscapes of all the poets. And then, though sight and strength were failing, Turner finally set himself to paint what would have foiled Titian or Tintoret in the flush of their youth,—scenes which the eye can hardly see for their splendour, or the mind grasp for their delicate and evanescent magnificence. To be unable to present, with the relative degree of imitation possible when fainter lights and simpler landscapes are chosen, the sun in his strength, or the twilight in its tenderness, is inevitable to art and her imperfect materials. All she can give, even when most utterly literal and imitative, is an effect, an imaginative remembrance, a hint of far-off glory. Turner, in these later works, is alone in a circle no others have dared to tread. The limitations of painting considered, his success here is not less than theirs within narrower and more practicable regions.

XVII. 'The name of Shakspeare,' says Mr. Hallam, 'is the greatest in our literature—it is the greatest in all literature.' Turner is one of the very few men to whom similar words might be applied without exaggeration. He is the greatest of English landscape painters; he is the greatest of all landscape painters. Others have rivalled him in quality of colour, others in fidelity of detail; he has failed at times from over-ambition of attempt, at times from obscurity of purpose; he trusted occasionally too much to facility in execution, he was led away by caprice of fancy —yet he is still the Shakspeare of another and a hardly less splendid and poetical kingdom. No one has penetrated so deeply into the soul of nature; no one has so surprised her in her sympathy with man; no one so nearly rendered her infinite mysteriousness, her multitudinous variety. Aspects, which to others almost singly engrossed their strength, are but modes and moments in the torrent of his prodigal creativeness; yet each of them is treated with a vitality and a fullness which the best masters had not attained to. Compare him with Titian in the forest, Rubens in the meadow, Rembrandt in twilight, Cuyp at midday—with the storms of Salvator, or the repose of Claude; Stanfield's sea, Linnell's woodland, the coast-scenes of Hook, the glens of Landseer—but this one has included and surpassed them all.— Yet, if praise ended here, Turner's most peculiar merit would hardly be expressed For whilst he has made the closest approach to painting the infinity of nature, he is almost alone in his rendering of her deeper poetry. That deeper poetry springs invariably from the presence of human feeling—either contrasted with or embodied in nature: nor without the touch of humanity, are our profoundest sympathies ever awakened. To impress on his work this sentiment, the painter does not necessarily require, that man should form a part of his representation. There are pictures by Turner more peopled in their waste wildness, than the most elaborate figure-landscapes of Claude or Canaletti. But it is still the sense of the Human element which gives loneliness to the desert, and splendour to the city; which recalls the past in the ruins of Rome, and speaks of the future in the fields and coasts of England.— There is a terrible seriousness about his work, a moral sadder and deeper than Hogarth's: 'the riddle of the painful earth' flashes out through many of these scenes of more than earthly loveliness. Everywhere he contrasts the fate of man, his passions, and his achievements, with the landscape around him, or makes the landscape itself a reflection of the drama of life on the more august theatre of nature. Birth and death, stories of man's strength and degradation, passion and despair, are written in the scarlet and azure of Turner's skies, or revealed by the seas, hillsides, and rocks he painted so lovingly. In his art there is a spirit stirring in the tree-tops, and a voice of more than what we rashly name Inanimate Nature in the torrent:—

> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.

XVIII. What a strange power and fascination we have here! What an art more

magical than magic! What a mute and inexpressible poetry! But there is that in all great art which runs far beyond words—else why should men have carved or painted? If these brief notes in any instance lead the spectator to the right frame of soul for appreciating excellence, let him forget them, and pass on to what they describe. And, in strict proportion to his own reach, vivacity, and truth of mind, he will find no idle or easy task before him—so various are the styles which such a collection presents, so many the phases of thought and feeling displayed, so much to be learned from the sight,—so much, perhaps to be unlearned. Yet to sympathize with each great Master, and (what follows only on such sympathy) with each lesser Master, after his merits, fervently and impartially, without fear and without fancifulness, is no doubtful gain to the purer pleasure and higher education of the soul. For, as with the affections and the conscience, Purity in taste is absolutely proportionate to Strength; and when once the mind has raised itself to grasp and to delight in Excellence, those who love most will be found to love most wisely.

WATER COLOUR PAINTING.

I. In some fashion water-colour painting is the oldest form of the art. Besides its employment for fresco in Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Italy, early papyri and MSS. were thus decorated; although it is probable that not before the period awkwardly named the Middle Ages was the art, 'called Iliumination at Paris,' carried to complete elaboration. A few painters in France, Italy, and Belgium (as illumination proper faded before the printing-press) tried some form of water-colours; but Dürer is the only great artist of the time who felt the use to which they might be turned. No school, however, was founded by his attempts, although thence onwards, notably amongst the Dutch, occasional drawings of considerable finish occur. But as an independent art, partly distinguished from oils by subject, more by the effect which it secures and the comparative facility of the process, water-colour painting had hardly existed for a hundred years, and this so far most conspicuously in the country where it was developed, that it is not thought needful here to speak of any but the English School. Nor will long exposition be required. In exact opposition to the case of sculpture, spectators are both familiar with this art, and happily accustomed to test it by reference to Nature; whilst the causes under which love of landscape has become a modern passion are elsewhere noticed.

II. Brief as its career has been, our Water-colour School has passed already through three phases. In the first, the stained drawing, as it was called, consisted of a design in brown or blue-grey wash, strengthened more or less by a pen outline, and touched over in the lighter parts, the sky, or water, or foreground, with a little colour. The colour is rarely of positive tint, and the brown wash itself is kept to a moderate tone, as if unwilling to grasp extreme effects of light and shade. This system secured a peculiar and pleasing character of breadth and repose, when the artist brought poetry in his heart to the work, and the nature of the subject allowed it. But in figure-scenes, or the architectural designs for which the art was at first specially employed, these qualities, in particular when the pen lines are prominent, are not seen, and hence many of the early water-colour drawings show tamely beside the brilliancy to which we are accustomed. Those, however, that bear the names of Cozens (died 1794) and Girtin (1775—1802), the founders of the school, always deserve notice. By the first, the art was practised in the most primitive fashion,—Girtin added cautious washes of colour, till in his later work the tones of Nature, in her sedater moods, are nearly reached. Much of the same poetical feeling passed into the style of J. S. Cotman, a rather later artist, whose tender and imaginative appreciation of Nature places him above many to whom fame has been more partial. Many who, for the first time, see these early drawings will be apt to turn away from their calm gray or golden tenderness: let the spectator study them with care, concentrating his mind on the scenes represented—Italian valleys, or northern lakes, or the romantic ruins of England—and he will find the poetry of the painters sink into his heart with tranquil persuasion, as he stands before these visions of sweet serenity.

To the same school, in figure drawing, belong Cristall and Liverseege; and in it also were found two men singularly contrasted in their life and in their genius, gifted respectively with exquisite fancy and intense imagination, and to whom England is indebted for a long series of works, which, take them all in all, no other water-colourists in this style have equalled. But it is hardly as art that the strange creations of the visionary Blake appeal to us; the drawing and execution are rarely successful; it is in the force of the penetrative imagination that their value lies,—in their almost painful intensity,—in their sublime suggestions of some earlier world of patriarchal days, or the mysteries of spiritual and ecstatic existence.

Such was not the region familiar to the gentle-hearted Stothard. Sharing in some degree the deficiences of Blake as an artist, and hence unsatisfactory in his larger oil paintings, in his water-colour designs he shows a delicacy of feeling and

a grace, than which Art has no more enduringly-attractive qualities. Especially in his youthful works there is an airy charm, a power of seizing evanescent motions and lines of momentary loveliness, in which, with exception also of Reynolds and Gainsborough, English art has been seldom fortunate. But, as Blake saw all things through a morbid Imagination, so we must admit that Stothard's world is too much the creation of dominant Fancy—another and a better world, it may be, than this, yet without the depth and impressiveness, as it is without the woe and warfare, of real existence.

III. Let us turn to the great artist who sympathized more deeply than any since the days of Tintoret with Life and Nature as they are in all their vast variety, who saw the shadows and the stains of the world with the whole force of passionate imagination,—who, by the discipline of such thoughts and the studies to which they led him, trained himself finally to paint the glory of light and the sweetness of sunset with a perfection never before attained by art. For the leading characteristics of Turner's genius, readers are referred to the summary of English oil painting: here, a brief indication of Turner's position in our water-colour school and of the stages of his progress is all that can be attempted. But, with reference to what follows, and indeed to these Prefaces in general, the writer desires to add, that his criticism, though carefully weighed, is expressed with diffident hesitation:—that the essential excellence of this or any great master is truly 'beyond and above expression: it is a truth inherent in every line, and breathing in every hue, too delicate and exquisite to admit of proof.' He would wish it remembered,—by those who do not feel the correctness of the praise given to a Reynolds or a Turner, and even more by those who do,—that 'all truths of the highest order are separated from those of average precision by points of extreme delicacy, which none but the cultivated eye can in the least feel, and to express which, all words are absolutely meaningless or useless;' and that, consequently, these remarks are written only in the spirit of hint and analogy.

Turner when young worked with Girtin, and shared with him in the first advances of water-colour painting. But he seems to have felt from the beginning that thorough knowledge of drawing and of form was the only safe foundation for the art: and as no man had ever more of that unwearied and humble-minded industry which is the surest sign of genius, he gave much time to pen and pencil sketching from Nature. His earliest works are executed in the gray and brown tints alone; but already show that perception of space and power in arranging masses which were to mark him during sixty years of continuous industry. 'Gradually and cautiously,' Mr. Ruskin states, in his excellent summary of Turner's career, 'the blues became mingled with delicate green, and then with gold; the browns in the foreground became first more positive, and then were slightly mingled with other local colours; while the touch grew more and more refined and expressive, until it lost itself in a method of execution often too delicate for the eye to follow, rendering, with a precision before unexampled, both the texture and the form of every object. This style may be considered as perfectly formed about the year 1800, and it remained unchanged for twenty years.' Turner appears to have followed it with this constancy because it gave perfect freedom to make Form, Space, and Size the predominant features of his work: although, meanwhile, in his smaller drawings, 'the play of colour' begins to show itself. And under this simple system, he set himself to master every variety of landscape form: treating no subject as too high or too low for him: and gaining from this universality of interest the subtle power of expression which enabled him to transfer, we had almost said, Nature in her universality, to paper. 'Throughout this whole period' (represented here by Sir A. A. Hood's series of drawings), 'Turner appears as a man of sympathy absolutely infinite—a sympathy so all-embracing, that I know nothing but that of Shakespeare comparable with it.—Nothing can be so mean as that it will not interest his whole mind, and carry away his whole heart; nothing so great and solemn but that he can raise himself into harmony with it.'

Having now mastered Form, Colour was pursued with the same resolute industry, the same natural quickness of eye: the subtlety of handling, learned in his long patient pursuit of Form, enabled him to lay his tints with a rapid and delicate decision, of which all who have ever tried one faithful study from Nature will know the enormous difficulty. It was not only that he now *added* colour to his drawings—essentially the painter's quality, when once understood, it can never take a second place—his designs were henceforth primarily *conceived* in colour. Hence a change of subject became necessary. Turner from this time selected often the natural

scenes richest in tone—sunrise and sunset, lakes trembling in midday light, or where the moon of summer bathes river-side crags and ruins with hazy silver.—And from the same date, finding that the earlier landscape painters, whom he had hitherto frequently followed in their form and arrangement, could teach him nothing in colour—nay, that, on the system of Poussin or Vandevelde, truth and vivacity in colour were impossible—he worked in a manner exclusively his own. This second style may be briefly characterized as showing 'delicate deliberation of handling, cheerful moods of mind, brilliant colour, defiance of precedent, and effort at ideal composition;' gradually passing, till within a few years of his death, into 'swiftness of handling, tenderness and pensiveness of mind, exquisite harmony of colour, and perpetual reference to nature only.' To this perfection of water colour the *Sunset at Sea*, views in England and Syria, and *Heidelberg*, belong. They illustrate, lastly, Turner's method of execution—delicate and decisive, little aided by the mechanical expedients of 'sponging' or 'rubbing,' but relying mainly on pure colour laid in once for all, with absolute determination of its effect. Like the star described by the poet, Turner's hand seems to have moved 'without hurrying and without staying;' and although some ingenious aids to the art are ascribed to his invention, yet his general practice in water-colours was of that simple and direct kind with which perfect knowledge is always satisfied.

IV. To the same pure school of water-colours belong Prout, Varley, Robson, Barret, Copley Fielding, David Cox, Dewint, Hunt, and others. They are men of various and unequal gift, but alike in their sincere love of Nature, in the careful selection of their subjects, and in the poetical aspect from which they are regarded. Fielding, after Turner, is our greatest master of space and air, and in rendering certain effects of mist, sublime in their vastness and their mystery, he has never been surpassed. Prout, in his method most resembling the earlier period, seized especially on the picturesque in the works of men, and, with English energy and patience, brought home to us innumerable records of cathedral and castle, market-place and town-hall, from every city of Europe; and this precisely at the time before the prosperity of the long peace and the restlessness of this century had effaced the relics of ancient days, and the times when architecture retained beauty of form and originality of treatment. How many must have received their first impulse to travel from Prout's views!—how many have felt, when they saw their subjects, that they owed much of their poetry to their painter! But this noble quality appears with even greater depth and power in the work of David Cox. If Prout delights us with the picturesqueness of foreign lands, Cox has an attractiveness more intimate and more forcible—the grandeur and the beauty of our own. There is a wide difference between his strangely daring style and the subtle delicacy of Turner; yet Cox must be ranked only second to Turner in his profoundly poetical conception of the landscape. Those who are ignorant will here learn to know the intense imagination which penetrates his work; what majesty he saw in the common field or cottage; with what an inner eye of sympathy he watched the wreathings of the stream beneath the gloom of forest greenery, the visionary sadness of wide horizons and dreary heaths, or the last red gleam that ebbed away from the heights of Craig-y-Dinas:—those who know him will care little for any words of eulogy.

Lewis and W. Hunt may be also set side by side as our two most splendid colourists, not of the landscape, but in figures seen near, and what is absurdly called 'still life.' In both, as we saw with Turner, an admirable eye for tint has led them straight to an admirably simple and decisive method of painting; whilst that sense of the large relations of light and shade which always marks a great, as opposed to a brilliant or a pretty colourist, has kept their work broad in its refinement and magnificent in its minuteness. Here, also, we find that division of labour and of subject which has only been possible to modern art in the Locomotive Age. Whilst Lewis has brought the life of Spain and Turkey home, familiarizing us with the fretwork and arabesques of Seville, or the valley of Egypt with its emerald and amber tints, Hunt has glorified our own fruits and flowers with a mastery almost unknown to any former painter. Their respective scales of colour are adapted with equal skill to their subjects—treated with pervading tenderness by the one, by the other with suffused glow: It might be said that we see the iridescence of the opal in Lewis, the fire of the carbuncle in Hunt.

V. Many other known names might be added: Müller, by whose early death we lost an artist of brilliant promise; Cattermole and Haag, distinguished for figure-painting; Nash, Roberts, and Haghe, in architecture; Cooke and Duncan, for sea-pieces; Harding, G. Fripp, Gastineau, Boyce, Davidson, and many more, for different

aspects of the landscape. These names bring us to our own days, and to the later developments of the art. Whilst recognizing the merits of much that now fills our exhibitions with skilful and pleasant work, it cannot fail to be observed that water-colours appear to be passing beyond the earlier—may it not be added, the natural?—limits of the material, and engaging more and more in a rivalry with the effects and the methods of oil painting. The issues of this tendency are uncertain: it may hold sway for a time as a fashion, or lead to the establishment of another school of art, like that which of old was practised under the name of *Tempera*, and applied with eminent success in England to miniatures, in the seventeenth century. But meanwhile, the peculiar facilities of water-colour painting expose it to danger from an opposite source. 'Among our artists,' says the writer already quoted, 'the chief want is that of solemnity and definite purpose. We have too much picture-manufacturing,—too much making-up of lay figures, with a certain quantity of foliage, and a certain quantity of sky, and a certain quantity of water; a little bit of all that is pretty—a little sun and a little shade, a touch of pink and a touch of blue, a little sentiment and a little sublimity, and a little humour and a little antiquarianism,—all very neatly associated in a very charming picture, but not working together for a definite end.' It is probable that imaginative minds, and men zealous of carrying out with their full might all they set their hands to do, will often repeat these criticisms, and feel, with pain, that so much manual skill and observation are not turned to their highest purposes, or employed for the most avail. Yet it must not be forgotten, also, that this art addresses itself pre-eminently to landscape; that the poetry of nature, and her hold on the human heart never ceases; that among our painters there have been some already, within the space of but fifty years, who rank in the same class with Wordsworth or Keats, or Tennyson. One of these men, looking back on his childhood, complained that the visionary gleam and the glory of his early years had passed:

> There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight
> To me did seem
> Apparell'd in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.
> It is not now as it has been of yore;—
> Turn wheresoe'er I may,
> By night or day,
> The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

It is hoped that many readers will remember the lesson of deeper consolation with which this great lover of nature concludes his poem. There seems no reason why something analogous should not be extended to the career of modern art.

ENGRAVING.

I. This, of all the Fine Arts of design the most popular and the most generally diffused, appears to be at the same time that of which the technical processes are least familiar. It is, therefore, thought that a few words mainly on this point will be the most useful introduction to the masterpieces of modern work here collected.

The three forms of Engraving which include almost the whole art employ respectively the surfaces of Wood, Stone, and Metal to give the impression. In the first, the ink is laid *on* projecting portions: in the second, on portions of *plane* surface chemically prepared to receive it: in the third, within hollows sunk *below* the surface, whence it is removed by wiping. In Wood Engraving what the artist cuts away, forms the light; what he leaves, the lines. In Lithography,—whether plain or in colours,—what he lays on with ink or chalk is repeated on the paper. It is on metal only that the lines he cuts in are reproduced by the printing-ink. This latter art is therefore *Engraving* in the strict sense, and the one which bears the name by custom. It is also by its nature capable of the greatest variety in style, and of the most powerful or of the most delicate effects in execution. The texture of wood does not carry cuttings of the freedom and complexity possible in metal, and strokes cannot be laid over strokes to strengthen and gradate the effect. Nor can the surface-lines of lithography in its different forms, drawn with ink or chalk, approach the united force and tenderness of the lines which may be sunk into the steel or the copper. Engraving on Metal thus holds the first rank, and may claim precedence in our brief notice.

II. Of the three principal forms of Engraving on Metal that in which the design is entirely expressed by Lines is the most powerful, durable, and difficult. Line Engraving is, therefore, confined to important works, or those executed with sufficient care to be capable of bearing complete reproduction. In its first form it was thus employed by Raphael's Engraver, Marc-Antonio Raimondi, to multiply his master's designs, and by the great German painter, Dürer, to publish his own. These early works aim exactly at the effect of fine and finished drawings: small in size, simple in handling, and never rendering either the texture of objects or the effects of sky and air in landscape,—they are, however, of unequalled grace and power in Form and Expression. As the Sixteenth century advanced and Painting degenerated, these qualities were lost from the companion Art: and before long, Engraving took a new direction, attempting to reproduce not Drawings, but Pictures. This attempt required larger size, greater complexity and care in the set of the lines, more attention to the texture of objects and to landscape details;—above all, the preservation of the tone and light and shade of the original. Thus the modern style was gradually formed; aiming at translating Colours, whilst the old style fac-similarized Designs. To trace the development of this Art would be to sketch the progress of Oil Painting: it must suffice here to add that it was hardly before this century that Line Engraving, especially in France, fulfilled its object by reproducing the complete general effect of Pictures (so far as that effect does not essentially depend on Colour)—whether figure-scenes or landscapes.

III. The artists who probably contributed most to the final advance in Line Engraving are our countrymen, Strange, Sharp, and Woollett, who towards the middle of the Eighteenth century were among the first to take definitely successful steps in this larger manner. Strange is not always faithful to the expression of his originals, but in a blended tenderness and brilliancy of effect he is yet unequalled, and to his invention is due that curious network of lines by which modern Engravers aim at representing every surface, however varied. The *Charles I* (after Vandyke), the *Sleeping Child and Angel* (Guido), are amongst Strange's masterpieces. Sharp's work has more severity and meaning: his *John Hunter* (Reynolds) is of the highest merit. Woollett's prints from Wilson and Claude exhibit the beginning of that Art which within fifty years became capable of rendering the

infinite sweetness and magnificence of Turner. Line Engraving was then carried on and refined by Morghen of Rome and F. Müller in Germany. The *Last Supper* (da Vinci), the *Transfiguration* and *Virgin with the Goldfinch* (Raphael), the *Aurora* (Guido), by Morghen: the *Madonna di San Sisto* (Raphael) of Müller are amongst their best pieces. At the same period lived Longhi of Milan, whose engravings,—the *Madonna of the Lake* (da Vinci), the *Magdalene* (Correggio), above all the *Marriage of the Virgin* (Raphael) are, perhaps, the best masterpieces of this art for truth and tenderness. Desnoyers in France produced works of more vigour and brilliancy, but less faithful and delicate. His *Belle Jardinière* and *Virgin of the Rocks* are rather spirited translations than reproductions of what Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci painted. Amongst later Line Engravers, Garavaglia, Toschi, Jesi, in Italy: in France, Calamatta, Dupont, and Forster; in Germany, Mandel, and Keller; with the English, C. Turner, Miller, Cooke, Willmore, Finden, the Heaths, Raimbach, and Burnet, deserve respectful enumeration.

IV. Much as we owe to an art which has placed so much of beauty and nobleness within the world's reach, it must however, be owned that Line Engraving rarely has succeeded in a complete conquest over its besetting sin,—the sacrifice of the sweet largeness and repose which mark all good Painting, to the display of mechanical dexterity in the conduct of the lines. The single Line Engraver who appears to have given his style variety and vitality sufficient to render not only the design, but the very touch and manner of the original, is Schiavone of Venice. His two prints from Titian's *Assumption* and *Entombment* are almost alone in the art for painterlike qualities, and show the breadth, freedom, and tenderness to which true feeling may carry it.

V. Those qualities, however, which Line Engraving so rarely shows, are in part supplied by the second great division of Metal Engraving: Mezzotint. In this art (invented about 1640, probably by the German Siegen and carried out by Rupert, nephew of Charles I.), the plate, in place of showing a polished surface, is first evenly roughened. This roughness which, by retaining the ink, would produce if untouched a square of absolute blackness on the paper,—the artist scrapes away and polishes, more or less in proportion to the depth of required. Where he most polishes the plate, the printer's hand, removing the ink, leaves the whitest space:—the darkest lines are often cut in with a graver. Could this be done always or often with success, Mezzotint,—uniting the breadth of Painting with the sharpness of Line Engraving,—would be the most perfect style. But except in a few instances,—perhaps most notably by Turner in the prints from his own design,—this frequently attempted coalition appears to have foiled skilful hands by its deep inherent difficulty.

VI. Mezzotint is one of those branches of art which for the last hundred years have flourished most in England. Lupton and C. Turner in pure mezzotint, C. Landseer and Cousens in a mixed style are our most conspicuous recent masters: but even their excellent works do not appear to equal that great series, mainly from the paintings of Sir J. Reynolds, which was produced in the eighteenth century by S. Reynolds, M'Ardell, J. R. Smith, Watson, and others. Few of these prints fail in the fine artist-like qualities of breadth and transparency: some (the *Guardian Angel, Virgin and Child, Collina* are delightful examples) possess a charm and tenderness which will one day place them amongst the most treasured treasures of art.

VII. In the two forms of Line Engraving hitherto noticed, the incisions are mainly produced by tools. In the third, Etching, the lines are mainly produced by acids. These lines are sketched with a fine point through a very thin acid-resisting coat of wax, laid first over the copper or steel plate: the acid then cuts through the exposed surface to a depth regulated by its strength and the time allowed for its operation. Hence Etching, of all modes of Engraving, unites the greatest freedom with force; and as the process is not essentially different from that of Drawing, it has been followed by many Painters. Etchings, have thus a value essentially their own: they are the actual work of the original designer, free from the coldness or errors of translation through another hand. Every European nation in turn has been successfull in this art. The etchings of the School of Overbeck in Germany, of Goya in Spain, Pinelli in Italy, are more or less known and appreciated. But in our own days the brilliancy of the French and the delicacy of English artists have carried the method to an excellence which, except by Rembrandt of old, has never been equalled. Nor has even he surpassed the spirit, variety, and picturesqueness of Cruikshank,—since Hogarth, our greatest Humourist in Etching.

VIII. Of the many forms of what, from the Stone employed at first as the plate,

has been called I[illegible]ography, detailed notice will not be appropriate here, as the processes belong more to mechanical agency than to pure art. In all, the principle is the same: a drawing on a flat surface receives the ink, whether of uniform or varied tints; which by chemical means is kept from adhesion to the untouched portion of the surface. The rapid progress of this, the most easy and inexpensive of all modes of Engraving, during the forty years since its invention, especially in the reproduction of coloured designs (Chromotint) has been of service, where brightness of effect, and absolute finish of drawing are not required. But until more keenness can be given to the lines, more depth to the shadows, more transparency to the general texture, the art will not take an equal place with Metal or Wood Engraving.

IX. The Woodcut was the earliest method by which designs were reproduced, and has a long and curious history before the eighteenth century. By that time it had so greatly declined as hardly to rank amongst Fine Arts. From this state Wood Engraving was raised at once to excellence by the almost unaided skill of Bewick of Northumberland (1753—1817). It was, perhaps, happy that a man so gifted should have found the field empty, and have been thus able to begin the art anew. The older woodcuts had rarely attempted more than to reproduce drawings.—Bewick added an effectiveness in light and shade, a delicacy and variety to his work which gave woodcuts henceforth an independent existence in pictorial expression. This great change, one of the most decided in the history of art,—he effected by his unusual good sense, truth to nature, and tenderness in feeling. His mode of engraving was to bring out the design, where possible, by white lines laid on black: to build, as it were, from darkness upwards to light. He thus followed, it will be readily seen, the natural treatment or law of his material: for the lines cut into the woodcut form the whites, as those cut by the line-engraver form the darks, of the impression: and the proper direction of each art is indicated by this difference. Bewick's other gifts are shown in the exquisite simplicity, truth, and invention of his well-known woodcuts. These cannot be too carefully studied: they have a directness in reaching their point, a breadth and largeness in style exactly analogous to the qualities of Velasquez. So little are perfection and greatness in Art dependent on size or material.

If Bewick's peculiar excellence has not been since equalled, Wood Engraving has been both in France and England carried of late to a wonderful height in finish and brilliancy. The aim has, perhaps, lain too decidedly in this direction, as if in competition with etching:—a vain struggle, which risks loss in the natural treatment and natural effects of the woodcut, already indicated. By a return within the strict limits fixed by the material, by moderation and study from nature, the admirable skill which a multitude of artists have attained will, no doubt, be able to bring Wood Engraving before long to further perfection.

*** The preceding pages are reprinted from the Catalogue of the Fine Arts Collection at the Exhibition of All Nations, held in London in 1862. They are from the pen of F. T. Palsgrave, Esq., and give such an admirable sketch of Oil and Water Colour Painting, and of Engraving, that the Council have thought they could not do better than to copy them.

*** The Council take this opportunity of presenting their thanks to Artists and others who have kindly furnished Pictures and other Works of Art for this Exhibition. Especial thanks are due to Messrs. Hewlett & Camp of New York, the latter of whom has lent us many valuable Pictures from his private collection.

*** Those marked thus (*) are for sale. For prices, apply to the Curator.

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OIL PAINTINGS.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
1	Scene on the Hudson near West Point..	Mignot.....	Jno. Caverhill
2	Pastoral Scene.....	J. Megearck	Capt. Raynes
3	Sheep	Carpenter	Mrs. McCulloch
4	Death of the Duke of Guise.....	E. Castin.....	Capt. Raynes
5	My Mother's Grave.....	W. McDuff.....	Thos. McDuff
6	Street Scene in Holland.....	Roberto Canaletto.	Mrs. McCulloch
7	Do. do. do.	do.	do.
8	Portrait.....	J. S. Powers.....	Artist
9	My Ain Fireside	W. McDuff.....	Thos. McDuff
10	Lady Sealing a Letter.....	Haseler	Capt. Raynes
11	Sandymount Sands	McElroy.....	Dr. Scott
12	The Adoration (15th Century).....	Unknown.....	Capt. Raynes
13	Group of Sheep.....	C. Jones.....	Jno. Caverhill
14	Child's Head	Greuze.....	Mrs. McCulloch
15	Owls' Head Mountain (sketch).....	J. Fraser.....	T. D. King
16	†Portrait of the Bishop of Montreal....	J. Fraser.....	.....
17	*Ewe and Lambs.....	H. Hancock.....	Artist
18	Group of Sheep.....	Unknown.....	Mrs. McCulloch
19	An Interior.....	.....	.....
20	Port. of Lord Metcalfe (copy fm. Bradish)	J. Fraser.....	C. A. Low
21	Sancho Panza and the Duchess.....	—— (after Leslie).	F. Lawford

*Presented to the Montreal Art Association by Mr. Wm. Notman.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
22	Interior of a Welsh Cottage		C. A. Low
23	A Cottage Interior	Geo. Anderson, R.A.	J. Muir
24	Landscape	J. Meadows	D. Lorn McDougall
25	Sheep	T. S. Cooper, R. A.	do.
26	Do.	do.	do.
27	Landscape	Johann	do.
28	*Flower of the Flock	H. Hancock	Artist
29	Landscape	Johann	D. Lorn McDougall
30	Game and Fruit (after Weeninx)	Geo. Bacon	Artist
31	Portrait	J. S. Powers	Artist
32	Poultry	H. Lemmens	T. Cramp
33	A Winter Scene		do.
34	Fawns	W. H. Beard	Artist (N.Y.)
35	Holy Family		Mrs. McCulloch
36	Smokers	J. G. Brown	J. H. Herrick (N.Y.)
37	An Old Couple	Gesellschap	——— (N.Y.)
38	Sunset	Bierstadt	Artist (N.Y.)
39	*View on the Hudson	Feuschel	——— (N.Y.)
40	*Landscape	Geo. Innes	——— (N.Y.)
41	*Marine View	De How	Artist (N.Y.)
42	*Family Happiness	F. Braekeleer	——— (N.Y.)
43	Card Players	[illegible] Johnson	H. Camp (N.Y.)
44	*Landscape	Durand	do. (N.Y.)
45	*Drythm, South Wales	Th. Whittle	T. D. King
46	*Kitchen Interior	Noterman	——— (N.Y.)
47	*Woodland View	W. M. Brown	Artist (N.Y.)

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
48	*Fox Hunter's Dream	W. H. Beard	Artist, (N.Y.)
49	A Sea Coast View	E. C. Williams	J. Carus
50	Feeding the Rabbits	Th. Gerard	J. Caverhill
51	*The Ramble	A. F. Bellows	Artist, (N.Y.)
52	Prairie Hens	W. H. Hays	H. Camp, (N.Y.)
53	Greenwood Lake	J. F. Cropsey	do.
54	Barnyard Scene	A. F. Tait	do.
55	Moonlight on the St. Lawrence	Gignon	do.
56	Learning to Read	Bourges	do.
57	Passing Storm	Shattuck	—— (N.Y.)
58	*Landscape	J. F. Cropsey	Artist, (N.Y.)
59	On Lake Memphremagog	Kate De Goulier	Artist
60	A Portrait (after Gerard Dow)	Breckelamp	Jas. Muir
61	Do.	do.	do.
62	Chagnon Mountain and Orford Lake	R. S. Duncanson	Artist
63	Boys on the Ice	William Raphael	do.
64	Falls of the Chaudière	R. S. Duncanson	do.
65	River St. Anne (below Quebec)	do.	do.
66	Skating in Holland	F. De Brackeleer	B. Gibb
67	French Flower Girl	J. H. S. Mann	do.
68	Card Playing	A. De Brackeleer	do.
69	Interior of a Chapel		do.
70	Rembrandt's Studio	—— (after Leys)	do.
71	Portrait	J. S. Powers	E. H. Parsons
72	Evening on the Thames	Leslie	S. English
73	View on the Androscoggin	A. F. Bellows	do.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
74	*The Nativity	— (after Correggio)	T. B. Consedine
75	*Baptism of Christ	J. M. W. Turner	do.
76	*St. Paul Cast Ashore	Dommini	do.
77	Landscape	O. Jacobi	F. B. Matthews
78	* Do.	E. C. Williams	A. J. Pell
79	*The Misers (after Quintin Matsys)	C. G. Stewart	E. Brimley, Boston
80	The Forge	Leys	
81	Meeting for the Chase		
82	Infant Jesus		
83	Village Inn		
84	Village School		
85	*Rinaldo and Armida	(after Hants Tasso)	E. Brimley, Boston
86	*Beatrice Cenci (copy)		do.
87	*St. Catherine at Prayer		do.
88	Girl and Pitcher	C. J. Lewis	
89	The Oasis in the Desert	Marilhat	
90	Morning Prayer	Suminias	
91	Lion and Vulture	Gerôme	
92	Court Scene	Isabey	
93	Taking the Herd to Water	Jadin	
94	The Desert	Th. Frere	
95	The Happy Family	C. Nanteuil	
96	The Elopement	Baron	
97	*Recollections of the Tropics	R. S. Duncanson	Artist
98	Scene on the Ottawa	do.	J. T. Clayton
99	Do. do.	do.	do.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
100	Landscape and Cattle	Hoslor	F. B. Matthews
101	The Morning after the Storm	Jno. Ritchie	A. Wilson
102	Fall on the Splugen	O. Jacobi	do.
103	The Vale of Cashmere	R. S. Duncanson	O. S. Wood
104	Sketch	J. M.W.Turner,R.A.	A. Wilson
105	On the River du Loup	A. F. Bellows	do.
106	*Landscape with Bull	Vogt	Artist
107	*Interior of Stable	do.	do.
108	*Landscape	Shayer	A. J. Pell
109	The Downs	W. C. Knell	
110	Noel Siabod from Capel Carig	Sidney Percy	
111	Dutch Fishing Boats	Taylor	
112	Landscape and Cattle	W. Shayer, Sr.	
113	*Fishing Scene	N. Bourassa	Artist
114	*Christ in the Garden	do.	do.
115	*Misery	do.	do.
116	Emigrants Going West	O. Jacobi	do.
117	The Dead Christ	†Miss Bisette	Artist
118	Jairus's Daughter	Rembrandt	
119	Glen Wylde North Wales	Ansdell	
120	Adonis	Sir G. Kneller	
121	A Sketch	J. M.W.Turner,R.A.	
122	Sunrise in Italy	W. Havell	W. Cunningham
123	*Shakspere	H. Hancock	Artist
124	Landscape	A. F. Bellows	Jno. McArthur
125	Scene on the White Mountains	W. Hart	do.

†Painted by a young lady, aged 13 years.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
126	Mount Desert	W. Hart	Jno. McArthur
127	*Beating up the Thames	E. C. Williams	A. J. Pell
128	*The Quail Family	A. F. Tait	——— Boston
129	*Chickens	do.	do.
130	*Still Life	Mrs. S. Anderson	do.
131	*The Swing	F. Rondell	do.
132	*The Locket	Mrs. S. Anderson	do.
133	*Gathering Grapes	F. Rondell	do.
134	*The Pet Canary	Moses Wright	do.
135	*Fruit	S. L. Garry	do.
136	*Vase of Flowers	E. Lynde	do.
137	*View on the Hudson	A. F. Britcher	.....
138	*Sunset	O. Jacobi	A. J. Pell
139	*Landscape	do.	do.
140	Frederic the Wise	.....	.....
141	*Woodcock	De Blois	A. J. Pell
142	Landscape	.....	J. Muir
143	Conversation Galante	D. Teniers, Jr.	do.
144	Student of Munich	.....	Jno. Whyte
145	Portrait	.....	do,
146	Indian Encampment	E. Kreighoff	E. Lyman Mills
147	Murray Bay	Duncan	Artist
148	Quebec from Montmorenci	do.	do.
149	Ruin at Baiae	J. B. Pyne	.....
150	Marine View	J. Meadows	.....
151	Peter the Great	.....	Alf. Rimmer

No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
152	Group of Children	O. Jacobi	
153	On the Thames	E. C. Williams	Alf. Rimmer
154	Landscape	-- Lee, R. A.	W. B. Lambe
155	Girl in Hammock		F. Stephen
156	Blind Man		do.
157	Castle on the Rhine	B. Girscher	do.
158	Wandering Minstrel		Mr. Provis
159	Kitchen Interior		do.
160	Last Drain		do.
161	*View at Nahant	Hazeltine	—— Boston
162	*Brant Lake	S. W. Griggs	do.
163	*A Quiet Nook	F. S. Frost	do.
164	*Contemplation	Haaxman	do.
165	*Moonlight on the Hudson	A. F. Butcher	do.
166	*View at Brookline, Mass	S. B. Hodgson	do.
167	*Strawberries in Shell	Geo. H. Hall	do.
168	*Grapes	do.	do.
169	*Near Eagle Cliff, Franconia, N. H	J. A. Colman	do.
170	*View near Conway, N. H.	G. F. Higgins	do.
171	*The Approaching Storm	G. N. Cass	do.
172	Lake Trout	S. R. Kilbourn	
173	*View on the Sea Coast	H. B. Brown	Artist
174	Landscape	G. F. Cropsey	
175		O. Jacobi	
176	Pius VI (after Raphael)		Capt. Raynes
177	Landscape	E. J. Frost	

WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTER.
1	Pug-itah Zebe, Lake Superior.....	W. Armstrong	Artist
2	Nipegon River, do. do.	do.	do.
3	Headland near Spanish River	W. M. Cresswell...	do.
4	Rapid at Sault Ste. Marie.....	do. ...	do.
5	Group of Flowers from Nature.....	.....	T. D. King
6	Do. Do.	....	do.
7	Mouth of the Saguenay.....	C. J. Way.....	Thos. Rimmer
8	Sketch in North Wales.....	.....	W. B Lambe
9	On the Cart near Cathcart	Thos. Watt.....	A. A. Watt
10	Do.	do.	do.
11	On Loch Fyne.....	do.	do.
12	Acad. of Music, Montreal, (Architectural)	.....	Lawford & Nelson
13	Residence of Jas. Johnson, Esq. (do.)	.....	do. do.
14	Landscape.....	Smith of London..	D. Lorn McDougall
15	Do.	C. Pearson.....	do.
16	Trinity Church (Architectural).....	.....	Lawford & Nelson
17	Children.....	J. Archer.....	Thos. McDuff
18	Do.	do.	do.
19	Indian Encampment.....	.....	W. Scott
20	Do. Do.	.....	do.
21	Residence of Sir Morton Peto, (Archit).	J. Thomas	C. P. Thomas

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
22	Erskine Church, C.E., (Architectural)..	C. P. Thomas	W. Scott
23	Landscape.....	Jas. Duncan	do.
24	Do.	do.	do.
25	The Swing	.....	.....
26	Design for a Church (Architectural)...	.....	Windeyer & Savage
27	Cleopatra and the Asp.....	.....	.....
28	Passing Snow Storm .. .. (Sepia).	C. J. Way.....	W. Notman
29	View on the Androscoggin ..... do.	do.	do.
30	A Mountain Solitude..... do.	do.	do.
31	Fishing off the Gaspé Coast .... do.	do.	do.
32	Quebec from Point Levi ..... do.	do.	do.
33	Montreal Harbour .... do.	do.	do.
34	Niagara in the time of the Red Man.do.	do.	do.
35	Mouth of the Marguerite, ... do.	do.	do.
36	Trinity Cape Cove..... do.	do	do.
37	October on the Saguenay..... .. do.	do.	do.
38	View near Tadousac..... do.	do.	do.
30	View on the Saguenay..... do.	do.	do.
40	Lincoln Cathedral.....	MacKenzie	Thos. Reynolds
41	Angel's Whisper.....	F. W. Topham	do.
42	Assassination of King James of Scotland	J. Noel Paton, R.A.	A. Wilson
43	Craigmillar Castle	Waller Paton	do.
44	Wild Flowers.....	Jas. Hardy Jr.....	do.
45	Little Ducks.....	do.	do.
46	Moonlight..	J. McPherson	do.
47	Scene on the Gareloch.....	Jas. Davis	W. Scott

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
48	Landscape	O. Jacobi	W. Scott
49	Do.	do.	do.
50	South Wales, near Llanelly	T. Rowbotham	Thos. Rimmer
51	The Chase		
52	Breast-Mill	S. Palmer	T. D. King
53	A Tale of Love	Uwins, R. A.	A. Wilson
54	A Composition		
55	Muir's Buildings (Architectural)		A. C. Hutchison
56	Interior of Trinity Church do.		Lawford & Nelson
57	*Bethws-y-Coed	McEwan	A. J. Pell
58	Interior of a Church		Windeyer & Savage
59	*Portrait, (Crayon)	N. Bourassa	do.
60	* Do. Do.	do.	do.
61	Cavaliers Carousing	Drummond	W. Cunningham
62	A Rock near Gaspé	C. J. Way	do.
63	Landscape	Jas. McArthur	Artist
64	*Bird's Nest	Cruikshanks	—— Boston
65	*Apple Blossoms	do.	do.
66	Elevation for Store (Architectural)		C. P. Thomas
67	Zingari		
68	View of Montreal	Jas. Duncan	Artist
69	View at Cote St. Antoine	do.	do.
70	Interior of Oxford Cathedral	Nash	H. Lyman
71	Market Place	Hardy, Jr.	do.
72	The Cloisters	do.	do.
73	Odillill, North Wales	D. Cox	Jno. Popham

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NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
74	Drachenfels		W. B. Lambe
75	Landscape		do.
76	Hunting Scene		do.
77	Do.		do.
78	Fishing Boats		do.
79	Swiss Scene		A. Rimmer
80	A Stormy Sunset	C. J. Way	B. Dawson
81	Scene in the White Mountains	do.	do.
82	Do.	do.	do.
83	Arques	Dolby	H. Lyman
84	Lake of Como	Wilson	do.
85	Coast at Nice	do.	do.
86	Rustic Bridge	Buckley	do.
87	Highland Loch	do.	do.
88	Bacchus and Ariadne	Lock	R. J. Leckie
89	Composition	Duncanson	Artist

ENGRAVINGS.

NO.	SUJBECT.	PAINTER.	ENGRAVER.
1	Healing the Lame Man	Raphael	T. Holloway
2	Le Torrent	A. Calame	A. Calame
3	Canterbury Pilgrims	T. Stothard, R.A.	Schiavonetti
4	Christ's Charge to Peter	Raphael	T. Holloway
5	Solitude	A. Calame	A. Calame
6	Madonna del San Francisco	Corregio	Peter Lutz
7	Christus Consolator	Ary Scheffer	Henriquel Dupont
8	Charles le Brun	Largillière	G. Edelinck
9	The Altar to the Unknown God	Cyrus Ferrus	C. Bloemaert
10	Louis Phillippe	F. Gerard	Henriquel Dupont
11	Dejaneira and Nessus	Guido	
12	Mercury and Argus	J. M. W. Turner	J. T. Willmore
13	Charles the First	Vandyck	J. D. Mandel
14	Madonna de San Sisto	Raphael	Nordheim
15	Christ led to Crucifixion	John Hancock	*Anaglyptograph*
16	The Three Marys	A. Carracci	Roullet
17	The Descent from the Cross	(etching)	Rembrandt
18	Madonna colle Stelle	Carlo Dolci	Eduardo Mandel
19	Christ on the Cross	A. Durer	Miller
20	School of Athens	Raphael	
21	Hemicycle des Beaux Arts	De la Roche	Henriquel Dupont

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	ENGRAVER.
22	Aurora	Guido	Raphael Mo..ien
23	St. John	Domenichino	
24	The Heart ot the Andes	F. E. Church	Wm. Forrest
25	The Wellington Shield	(etching)	T. Stothard
26	The Glee Maiden	R. Scott Lander	Lumb Stocks
27	Oh Nannie, wilt thou gang with me	Thos. Faed	do.
28	La Liseuse	Gerard Dow	Wille
29	Bienfaisance	Dubufe	Eichens

PHOTOGRAPHS.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PHOTOGRAPHER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
1	*Paul Preaching at Athens, Raphael		T. D. King
2	*Miraculous Draught of Fishes, do		do.
3	*Healing the Lame Man, do.		do.
4	On the Missisqui River	Henderson	Henderson
5	A Country Road	do.	do.
6	A Summer Retreat	do.	do.
7	Drawing Ice	do.	do.
8	Do.	do.	do.
9	The Hay Meadow	do.	do.
10	A Mountain Pass into Spain	do.	do.
11	Chateau and Villa de Pau	do.	do.
12	Study on a Hill Burn in Dumfries	do.	do.
13	Ox Cart and Bearnais Peasant	do.	do.
14	View near Lake Beauport	do.	do.
15	On Evan Water, Dumfries	do.	do.
16	New Portico to the Chateau of Henry IV at Pau	do.	do.
17	Pont de Scia, Pyrenee	do.	do.
18	†Supposed Head of Our Saviour		Miss Lyman
19	View of Montreal		W. Scott
20	The Coliseum		S. J. Lyman
21	Ruins in Rome		do.

* From the original Cartoons.

† From an original drawing by Leonardo da Vinci in the Brera, Milan.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PHOTOGRAPHER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
22	Two Portraits	W. Notman	W. Notman
23	One do. colored	J. Fraser	do.
24	Portrait	Mitchel Bros	Mitchel Bros.
25	Portrait, colored	T. C. Doane	T. C. Doane
26	Do. do.	do.	do.
27	Canadian Scenery (selections of)	J. Martin	J. Martin
28	Selections	W. Notman	W. Notman
29	Copies from C. J. Way's Sketches.	do.	do.
30	†Canadian Scenery	W. Henderson	Art Association

†Eight specimens of the views to be presented to subscribers to the Art Associatiou, who are invited to select any two from these.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sketch—Pen and Ink—Trumpeter ..... F. Burnside
Do. do. do. Archbishop Laud ..... do.
* Do. do. do. Donkey ..... E. Verbockhoven
Portrait Woven in Silk .....
Cast—Flight into Egypt ..... H. B. Small
Do. Crucifixion ..... do.
Do. Descent from the Cross ..... do.
*Lot of Parian Statuettes ..... Mr. Paton
Parian Statuette, Shakspere ..... T. D. King
*Parian Bust, Michael Angelo ..... J. Paton
* Do. do. Raphael Sanzio ..... do.
Statuette, Dresden, Neptune ..... J. Reynolds
Do. do. Vulcan ..... do.
*China and Wedgwood Vases ..... Mr. Paton
Chinese Ornaments, Bronzes, &c ..... Mr. Winter
Collection of Military Medals (two cases) ..... Mr. J. C. Davie
Children in Marble (after L. Freret) ..... R. Reid ..... Artist
Aurora ..... modeled by R. Reid ..... do.
*Medallion in Marble (Night) ..... do. ..... do.
* Do. do. (Morning) ..... do. ..... do.
The Wounded Scout (cast after Jno. Rogers) ..... T. S. Hunt
Bronzes (grotesque) ..... T. Lyman
Do. Shakspere ..... T. D. King
Do. Medallion ..... N. Bourassa
Imitation Marble Pillars ..... J. Murphy
Two Screens of Grained Wood ..... do.
Centre Table, Marquetrie ..... J. & W. Hilton
Hall Table, Walnut ..... J. Thompson
Cabinet, Inlaid ..... J. & W. Hilton
*Table (Wellington Shield) ..... T. D. King
*Illustrations of Longfellow's Phantom Ship ..... H. Sandham
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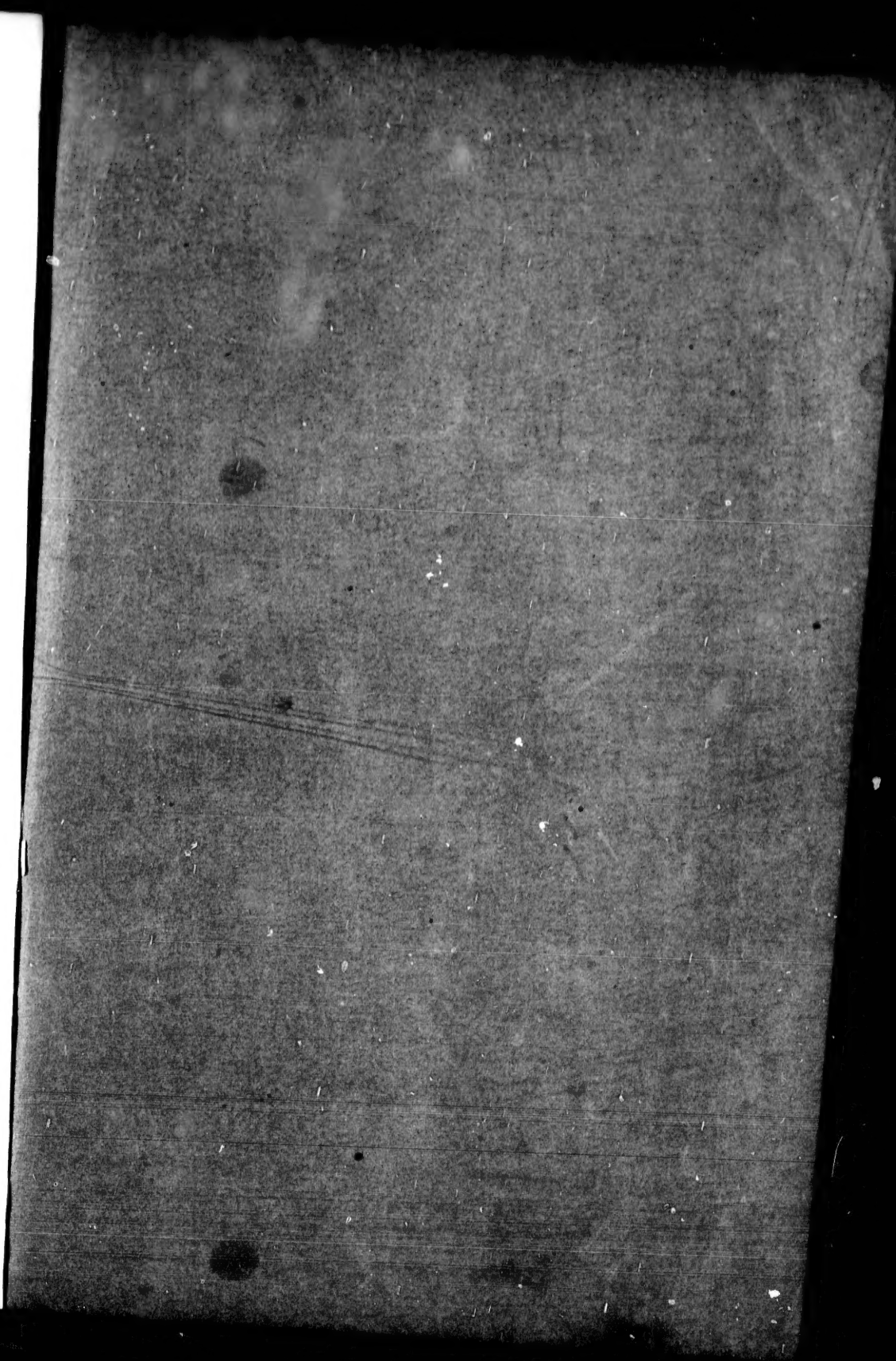

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Art Association of Montreal,

INCORPORATED 23rd VICT. CAP. XIII. 1860.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

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